By J. S. Fletcher

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

The little English cathedral town of Wrychester with its peaceful close is the scene of mystery and intrigue. Mary Bewery, nimeteen years old, and her brother Dick, seventeen, are wards of Doctor Ransford. A strange man asks for Doctor Ransford and a few minutes later is found dead at the foot of Saint Wrytha's Stair. Varner, a stonemason, says he saw the man foll. The theory is that the man slipped and fell. This is objected to as Varner insisted that he had seen a man's hand. Ransford has Mary purchase Rowers for the dead man's funeral. A banker in Barthorpe offers a reward for information regarding the dead man. Bryce finds an entry in the parish register of the country church at Braden Medworth, where Mark Ransford had acted as best man at the marriage of John Brake and Mary Bewery. He inquires of the old rector—who was the Mary Bewery you married to John Brake. Mary Bewery was our governess and married Brake, a bank manager, later convicted for defalcation and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment," he says. Bryce is firmly convinced Mark Ransford killed Braden. Brake had immed up. He and Ransford had met—most likely in the cathedral. Ransford, who knew the old place, induced Brake to walk up into the gallery with him, had noticed the open doorway, had thrown Brake through it. All the facts pointed to that conclusion—it was a theory which, so far as Bryce could see, was perfect. It ought to be enough—proved—to put Ransford in a criminal dock.

knewning of the Times. If Brake desired to find Ransford in order to be revenged on him, why did he insert that advertisement, as if he were longing to meet a cherished friend again? But Bryce gaily surmounted that obstacle—tull of shifts and subtleties himself, he was ever ready to credit others with training in them, and he put the advertisement down as a clever ruse to a stract, not Ransford, but some person who was a strain on the put the advertisement down as a clever ruse to attract, not Ransford, but some person what we was a creation and the strain of the strain

Bryce leaned nearer to her—across the gate.

"You know what happened last week." he said in a low voice. "The strange death of that man—Braden." "Well?" she asked, with a sudden look of uneasiness. "What of it?" "It's being rumored—whispered—in the town that Doctor Ransford had something to do with that affair, anawered Bryce. "Unpleasant—unfortunate—but it's a fact." "Impossible." exclaimed Mary with a beightening color. "What could be have to do with it? What could be have to do with it? What could give rise to such foolish—wicked—rumors?" "You know as well as I do how people talk, how they will talk," said Bryce. "You can't stop them, in a place like Wrychester, where everybody knows everybody. There's a mystery around Braden's death—it's no use denying it. Nobody knows who he was, where he came from, why he came. And it's being hinted—I'm only telling you what I've gathered—that Doctor Ransford knows more than he's ever told. There are, I'm afraid, grounds." "What grounds." "I'm sure he knows norbing," she said week." continued Folliot, glancing week." continued Folliot, glancing week." continued Folliot, glancing week." "The accident to the stranger. This Mrs, Deramore, who's nothing but an old chatterer, has been speaking, in his usual slow, careful fashion, she had been reflecting—and remembering Rahsford's evident agitation at the time of the Paradise affair—and his relief when the inquest was over—and his sending." "I am not aware that he ever called at Doctor Ransford and the gar-

more than he's ever told. There are, I'm afraid, grounds."

"What grounds."

"What grounds?" demanded Mary, While Bryce had been speaking, in his usual slow, careful fashion, she had been reflecting—and remembering Rahsford's evident agitation at the time of the Paradise affair—and his relief when the inquest was over—and his sending her with flowers to the dead man's grave—and she began to experience a sense

Not-that man?" asked Mary fear- ladies!

Note-that man?" asked Mary fearfully.

That man—Braden," replied Bryce.
"He asked for Doctor Ransford. I said he was out—would the caller leave his name? He said no—he had called before he had once known a Doctor Ransford, years before.

He added something about calling again, and he went away—across the reasons.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

close toward the cathedral. I saw him again, not very long afterward, lying in the corner of Paradise—dead!"

Mary Bewery was by this time pale and trembling; and Bryce continued to watch her steadily. She stole a furtive look at him.

"Why didn't you tell all this at the inquest?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Because I knew how damning it would be to—Ransford." replied Bryce, promptly. "It would have excited suspicion. I was certain that no one but myself knew that Braden had been to the surgery door; therefore I thought that if I kept silence his calling would never be known. But—I have since found that I was mistaken. Braden was seen—going away from Doctor Ransford's."

"By—whom?" asked Mary.

"Mrs. Deramore—at the next house," answered Bryce. "She happened to be looking out of an upstairs window. She saw him go away and cross the close. "Did she tell you that?" demanded Mary, who knew Mrs. Deramore for a gossip.

"Between ourselves," said Bryce, "she did not. She told Mrs. Folliot—Mrs. Folliot told me.

"So—it is talked about!" exclaimed Mary.

"I said so," assented Bryce. "You

the very man going away from Doctor the bear reflecting—and remembering Rahasford's evident agitation at the time of the Paradise affair—and his relief when the inquest was over—and his sending her with flowers to the dead man's grave—and she began to experience a sense of uneasiness and even of fear. "What grounds can there be?" she added. "Dr. Ransford didn't know that man—had have seen him!"

That's not certain," replied Bryce. "That's not certain," replied Bryce "It's said—remember, I'm only repeating things—it's said that just before the body was discovered. Doctor Ransford was seen—seen, mind you!—leaving the west porch of the cathedral, looking as if he had just been very much upset. Two persons saw this."

That I'm not allowed to tell you, as Bryce, who had no intention of informing her that one person was himself and the other imaginary. "But I can assure you that I am certain—absolutely fact is—I can corroborate it."

You's she exclaimed, "I'' replied Bryce. "I will tell you why I mentioned it to you," he continued, noughing Mary's eibow and granish that their story is true. The You's she exclaimed, "I'' replied Bryce. "I will tell you why I mentioned it to you," he continued, noughing Mary's eibow and graning covertly first at her and then at his you to know that you will, without it you to know that you will, without it you to know that you will, without it you to know that you will, without any asking. Listen!—on that the surgery in the direction of the deanery, leaving me alone there. A few innites later, a tap came at the door, ling outside:"

Not—that man?" asked Mary fear—that man—Braden," replied Bryce. "That man—Braden," replied Bryce." That man—Braden," replied Bryce. "That man had been to our hou

By Sidney Smith THE GUMPS-Up She Goes-Down She Goes-Seesaw I'LL JUST TAKE A PEEK AT THE WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS? HERE'S AN PILLOW SLIPS - \$322 STOCK MARKET AGAIN - THE PAGE OF JOYS AND SORROWS - SHORE I'LL BET SOME FELLOWS CINNAMON STICKS -AWFUL TUMBLE -SLEEPING ON THE TICK -WELL - THAT'S THE MAGARA FALLS -\$ 32 50 -AND THRILLS - UPS AND DOWNS -SWAM'S DOWN - THAT'S GOOD -WAY THE MARKET GOES-THAT OLD CARP CAVIAR IS THIS ISN'T SO BAD -THIS JUST THAT'S BEEN UP LONG EMOUGH SLIPS - SLIPES -CLIMBING LIKE A MOUNTAIN GOAT SLIPPED A LITTLE -WAS THE BALLAST ON FALLS AND STICKS COLD STEEL SLIPES-\$450 ME OUT AND UP









By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says we've had so many cool, rainy days this summer that America's likely to lose har reputation as the melting pot of nations.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY By Fontaine Fox WOT FER IS HE RUNNIN ER BACKARDS JUST AS HE WAS READY TO START FOR THE NOON TRAIN THE POOR OLD SKIPPER TORE THAT BIG PATCH RIGHT OUT OF THE SEAT OF HIS TROUSERS AND AS THERE WERE A COUPLE OF LADIES ON BOARD HE HAD TO MAKE THE TRIP TO THE DEPOT RUNNING BACKWARDS

SCHOOL DAYS GOSH, SHE'S PURT HEAR FILLED UP . EO' LE'S DAMK THIS, I'LL SMASH SOME -THE HOME BREW

HI-LOOK OUT DOWN THERE! I BET I

THIS TIM FALLIN'

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The Boss' Phone Number Is 15 Nut 2-2-2 By Hayward Copyright 1920, by Public Ledger Co GOOD MORNING PHEW! ILL SAY ITS HELLO - IS THIS MISTER SMITHERS ILL SAY GETTING WORSE EVERY SMITHER'S AUT IT 15! SUMMER! IF IT KEEPS FACTORY? GETTING WARMER IM GOING TO LIVE AT THE POLE ! AT HAYWARD - 16

"CAP" STUBBS—Cap Will Try Anything Once or Twice



By Edwines